That was all. He was losing weight.

A pair of "Doc Martins" hurled over the second floor balcony of the House next door. They landed in my sales area. A woman shouted. I recognized Charlene's voice, and the hail of tapes, sheet music, and clothing. I heard wood splintering. Finally, pieces of her guitar hurtled into the yard, as at the conclusion of a rock concert.

Caspar came out of the House. That was the first time I saw him. He was wearing a name tag as well as a set of relief keys. I'm glad they got rid of the tags before I came to work. Caspar strode into the yard. He clasped his hands behind his back. I saw he wasn't bad looking but with a trace of nerdiness thanks to his glasses. I was probably worse, always holding a book and trying to read. My sale attracted some very stupid people. It helped to have something to read.

Caspar introduced himself. He apologized for the behavior of his client. He asked me to please call the police if it happened again. I thought that was his job. I told him not to worry. I could have sold the shoes. Barrie started to laugh. He'd been there all morning, and I hadn't noticed.

MODEL SUITE

*

One day in September Barrie wasn't on the steps. His worker drove him to the House that afternoon. He got out